

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



CHRISTOPHER LLOYD IN TROUBLE.

DAVID LLOYD'S LAST WILL

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE LAST SHADOW.

WHEN Nanny, breathless and panting, gained the spot where Mark awaited her, with many a glance after Barry's receding figure, she could only clutch his arm, as if she was afraid of his escaping from her, and gasp out some inarticulate syllables. When she recovered herself sufficiently she told him her mistress felt that she was dying, and desired to see

them once again. As soon as she had delivered her message, with many sobs and tears, Nanny sped back again as fast as her ill-shod feet permitted; while Mark hesitated for a minute as to whether he should hurry on to the station to arrest Barry's departure; but the shrill whistle of the engine assured him that he would be too late to do so, be his haste what it might.

He was scarcely more leisurely than Nanny herself had been in racing after them, upon his return to the Heath House, and his thoughts hastened before his

steps. There is always a merciful doubt of death in our minds until he confronts us indisputably; and though Mark had acknowledged to himself that he was probably receiving the last farewell of his beloved friend, there had been, at least in Barry's presence, other thoughts and impressions dominating over the sorrow of a final parting. The engrossing solemnity and utter sublimity of the end had been lacking; he had not seen life sinking low down, and fading behind the earthly horizon which bounded his vision. He was a little angry with himself, and jealous for his adopted mother that this should have been the case; and when he caught sight of the curtained window of the room in which she was dying, he felt himself, as was his wont at times, lifted above the trivial feeling of ordinary moods, and up-borne into a region of strong and passionate emotion, over which he had but little control.

Mrs. Lloyd's chamber presented a scene of composed preparation for death. Nanny, under her mistress's direction, was removing the small looking-glass from the toilette table, and arranging upon it a white flannel shroud, which had been delicately and carefully stitched by the fingers now stiffening in death, and a small plain muslin cap and white thread gloves. Nanny was just giving a finishing, smoothing touch to this array, and was gazing upon it with mingled admiration and distress, when Mark entered; but he saw neither her nor the grave-clothes. What he did see was the face upon the pillow, over which had come the inexplicable change of approaching death; and Mark, with a cry of pain, threw himself on his knees beside her, and clasped her hands passionately in his.

"What is it you see, mother?" he cried; "you look as if you were seeing something."

"I see nothing," she answered, softly, in the mystical strain she had so long indulged; "but a puer joy is entering into my spirit. I am being lost in God. Wave after wave, billow after billow breaks over me, but it is a sea of light and love. There is a little pain still in the joy, and a little shadow upon the glory. When those are gone I shall be with the Lord."

After she had spoken, that strange stillness which can be felt only in the chamber of death fell upon the room. Sounds from out of doors found their way in through the closed and curtained casement, and the old house itself seemed full of tiny noises, which grew from low whisperings and rustlings into sudden loudness. But the human hearts and lips kept silence, until the dying mouth spoke again.

"Mark," she said, speaking feebly, but without effort, "the last pain and shadow are that I fear I have mistaken the Lord's will. He did not desire me to cut myself off from all earthly loves and cares. He is not so jealous that he is afraid of our other affections. I might have loved you all, and pleased him better. Above all, I might have helped my husband to be a holier and happier man. Tell me, Mark, is he rich or poor?"

"He is rich," answered Mark. The shadow deepened upon the growing light in her face, and eclipsed it for a moment; and she continued to speak in a low and troubled voice.

"I have done wrongly," she murmured; "I have suffered his soul to be taken in a snare. I ought to have watched for him, instead of living only for myself. Alas! there has been great selfishness in my devotion. You must try to soften his heart,

which has grown hard with the love of money. Have patience with him, and never give him up; for his sole chance now is his love of you. You will never cease to be friends with him, while he lives?"

"Never!" said Mark.

"Try every means to soften him," she continued, with eager and dying earnestness. "I wish he could be here to see me die. I wish I could know what he is doing now. And yet, no; I wish for nothing. The pain is passing away, Mark; little by little the waves are washing it away. I am learning the secret of God."

The death-like stillness filled the room again, and once more the tiny sounds of the almost inaudible life which surrounds us came clearly to the ear. At last Nanny sobbed, and her mistress opened her eyes with a sad but sweet smile in them.

"Another neglected friend!" she said. "Are you sobbing for me? Yet I have been but a poor and careless mistress towards you, Nanny."

"Oh, no! no!" cried the servant; "but I shall never get to heaven if I am to live and die like you. I have not time for it. There'll have to be another kind of heaven for poor folks like me."

"Mark," said Mrs. Lloyd, "you hear? Teach her better. I leave to you my faults and shortcomings to set them right. It is the last pain, and the last shadow. Good-bye, Nanny. Good-bye, my dear Mark. 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'"

The words fell from her mouth one by one, with a measured music in them, as if they were already set in harmony to some unheard chanting; and the dying face shone with a light before which Mark closed his eyes reverently. But when he lifted up his face again a minute afterwards, the light had died away into a cold, grey shadow, which spread over the expressionless features; and with one long lingering kiss of the lips which had called him "son" he left the chamber, which still seemed sacred with the presence of the angel of death.

CHAPTER XXI.—A BILL OF SALE.

THERE was no train for Manchester stopping at Clunbury before six o'clock in the evening, and Mark's time was well filled up in making a few necessary arrangements; though he was anxious to follow Barry, and to communicate the intelligence of his wife's death to Mr. Lloyd. Nanny, amidst her tears, assured him positively she dare not stay all night in the house, without some man sleeping in it. There was no great perplexity in meeting this difficulty. Clough was still lodging with the mole-catcher, living upon any odd jobs, and Nanny's hoard of crowns; and Mark went to ask him if he would sit by the kitchen-fire during that night, and the next, if the master of the house should not have returned. As Mark opened Trevor's door he stood still for an instant, looking at the quaint scene in the large old fire-place before him. A fire of logs was burning in the grate, and cast broad gleams of light upon the mole-catcher's furrowed features and the gloomy and heavy face of the weaver, who sat in the corner opposite to his host. Clough was reading from his favourite book in a loud, clear, emphatic voice, intended to reach the dull ear of Trevor. Mark started a little as the words greeted him upon crossing the threshold of the stone-paved hall—

"Death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come."

"Shakespeare, Julius Cæsar," added Clough, in a deliberate tone. "Eh! he's about reet, is Shakespeare, Julius Cæsar. Of a' the queer, uncertain things i' this world, death's the queerest. There's folks deeing at this moment o' time as 'ud be better alive; and there's me alive as 'ud better be dead. Aw only wish aw could swap wi' 'em."

"Clough," said Mark, advancing towards the fireplace, where the mole-catcher greeted him by pulling the front lock of his scanty hair, and Clough by a short nod, "your neighbour, Mrs. Lloyd, is just dead."

"Dead!" echoed both the men.

"Yes!" answered Mark, softly, "or rather her mortal body died. It is not *we* who die. It is no more than the house being pulled down, and the tenant taken into another. You understand that, Trevor?"

"Ay! ay!" answered the old man, cheerfully, and smiling at Mark with his weak, blinking eyes, and toothless mouth; "you talk just like my son that's a town-missionary in Manchester. That's just how he talks. 'We don't die,' says he. But I don't altogether agree with him; nor you won't neither when you've stood by, and seen your wife and children die out like a snuff of a candle. No, no. What was that you was reading, Mr. Clough?"

"Death, a necessary end, will come when it will come," read Clough.

"Ay! ay!" said Trevor, nodding his palsied head, and smiling feebly again; "so it will; so it will! And the missis is dead, is she? Well, well! she was a good liver, and Nanny says she could read and pray powerful. To my wish it 'ad been the mester in her stead. He's a tight-fisted un, and may be his gold 'ud do some good in the world if he was gone. He's took my son's silver watch from him in pledge for three pound as he owes him; and he such a rich man!"

"Is he a rich man?" asked Clough, with an air of interest.

"Haven't I told you?" said Trevor, impatiently, "he's got pots and pots of gold hidden about somewheres, up the chimbley maybe, or in the kitchen hees-hole; there's not fire enough to hurt them. I've known him these twenty year, and he's been skinning flints all the time. The old mester is a rich old man, curses on him! Begging your pardon, Mr. Fletcher," he added, pulling his front hair again.

"One thing you are wrong about," said Mark, passing over the imprecation; "Mr. Lloyd keeps no money in his house; he deposits it all in the bank where I am clerk, so I know all about that, and you had better contradict that report whenever you hear it spoken. Clough, I want to know if you'll sit up by the kitchen fire to-night? Nanny has got a woman to stay in the house with her, but they are both afraid to be without a man on the premises, and I am in haste to get back to Manchester. I dare say Mr. Lloyd will be home to-morrow."

"Aw'll go, and welcome," answered Clough; "don't yo' put yo'rself out about it, maister. Aw'll take my dixonary wi' me, and Nanny'll give me a bit o' candle and firewood, and aw'll make a neet o' it."

"The solemn death-watch clicked the hour she died";

ay! but aw'm no man to be scared by a death-watch ticking."

This matter being settled, Mark left the house with

a heavy and disturbed spirit. This old man had lived near to the dead woman for many years, and yet all the sympathy and interest he felt had been manifested in the single sentence, "She was a very good liver." For Clough, and his pedantic indifference, Mark felt no sort of surprise; for Mrs. Lloyd's illness had prevented her coming into contact with him. But old Trevor's unconcern touched him to the quick. On whose side did the fault lie? Was it possible that the sainted, spiritual life that had just passed away had been rendered barren by its solitary and selfish holiness? Were all her prayers, and fastings, and lengthened meditations to be no part of the savour in the salt by which the world was salted? Was the very sacredness and separateness of this ascetic life the bushel under which the candle had been hidden, so that it had given no light to them that were in the house?

Mark pondered sadly over these questions as he went about the house during the next hour which intervened before the starting of the train. Nanny was busy, but her tear-stained face manifested her sorrow. Yet when Mark asked her about her mistress's conversations with herself, it was evident that they had dwelt altogether apart, these two souls which had been brought into so close contact in the providence of God. Nanny loved her mistress faithfully, but there had been no fellowship between them. Mark visited the death-room, and looked long upon the serene and smiling face, which had lost the shadows and furrows of time, and his doubts were stilled, if not answered. Whatever errors might have been hers, her spirit was now presented blameless, without blemish or spot, in the presence of the Father. Mark wished that Barry was standing beside him to take her farewell look of the face they had loved so dearly.

Mark thought much of Barry as he journeyed down to Manchester. He had been both softened and elevated by the death he had witnessed, and all paltry stings of disappointed love, or self-love, which had been rankling in his mind since Barry's rejection of his suit, seemed to be quite healed now; and he felt himself equal to fulfilling his pledge of simple friendship towards her, whatever sacrifices it might demand from him. On reaching Manchester he proceeded at once to Mr. Christopher Lloyd's house; but he was astonished beyond measure to see every window alight, a large furniture van half packed standing at the gate. Mab's harp, protected by its baize cover, was being borne carefully down the garden-walk, and a lantern upon the van displayed the well-known, handsome furniture of the drawing-room already stowed in it. Surely the family could not be moving from the old home! and yet no other explanation seemed possible. Mark hurried up to the open door, and walked in without ceremony. Three strange men held possession of the ground-floor, but none of the family could be seen. He addressed himself to the least occupied of the strangers, and demanded the meaning of what he saw.

"That is my name," he answered, giving Mark a business card. "I have bought this furniture from Mr. Lloyd, and we are taking it away by night, you see, to avoid hurting the feelings of the family unnecessarily. We shall pack a second van, and leave the rest till to-morrow."

Mark had no clue to the meaning of this answer, and he looked round him in amazement at the scene

of confusion. The broker had resumed his energetic superintendence of the moving of the furniture, but Mark interrupted him with another question.

"Where are Mr. Lloyd and his family?" he asked.

"The Mr. Lloyd with whom I have to do," answered the broker, "is lodging for the night at my house in London Road; but the occupier of this house is in the front room on the second-floor, which we shall not meddle with till to-morrow. Mr. Lloyd made that a condition."

Mark scarcely heard the last sentence, for he was hastening up-stairs three steps at a time. There was a murmur of voices in the front room, which he knew to be the bed-chamber of Mr. Christopher Lloyd, and he knocked excitedly at the door. There was an instant pause, a hesitating step across the floor, and then he heard the door cautiously unlocked, and Barry's face, pale and agitated, gazed out upon him.

"Mark! Mark!" she cried, flinging her arms round him, and clinging to him with nervous and trembling force. "Oh, Mark! you are come at the right time. I am so glad to see you, dear Mark!"

It was a pleasant thing to Mark Fletcher, standing there in the half light which came up from the hall-lamp below, to feel the confiding pressure of Barry's arms, and to hear the tones of relief and gladness in her faltering voice. He would not have released himself from her clasp, or made her conscious of it for worlds, and he refrained from drawing her closer to him, or caressing the dear head which had fallen upon his shoulder. He did not even speak, lest she should move the sooner; yet it was but for a moment, and then Barry recovered herself.

"Come in, Mark," she said, releasing him from her clasp, and shaking her head at her own behaviour. "I did not know what I was doing; I never was so foolish before. But this has all come upon us so suddenly; and if anybody in the world can help us, you can."

"Whatever is the matter?" asked Mark, holding her back as she was re-entering the room.

"Oh! it's a long story, and I don't quite understand it yet myself," answered Barry; "but come in and we will tell you all."

The room they entered retained all the old comfortableness, which had formed so essential a part of Mr. Christopher Lloyd's enjoyment of life. But he himself still lay in bed, stricken and shrunken, with that face which had displayed all its wrinkles so suddenly, and with that look of perplexity so painfully graven on its features, that Mark could scarcely recognise him. Mab, in a creased and tumbled dress, and with tangled hair and reddened eyelids, was crouching on the hearth; while the two boys, in the impatient helplessness of boyhood, were lolling over the foot-board of their father's bed, and staring at him with a bewilderment as painful as his own. Every face brightened as Mark appeared; and Mr. Christopher Lloyd stretched out his nerveless and shaking hand to him.

"Thank God you are come, Mark!" he exclaimed; "you will explain everything to me, for my poor head feels puzzled; and I don't think Barry understands it at all, poor girl!"

He smiled a weak, melancholy smile, looking fondly at Barry, who gave Mark a chair, and sat down herself at the foot of the bed, where her father could see her without moving, for he seemed restless

when she was out of his sight. He was leaning upon his daughter now, and she was feeling the first pressure of the burden which must fall upon her.

"I can't understand it altogether," she said to Mark. "Uncle Lloyd has sold all we have, because my father gave him a bill of sale to the value of £500 when my uncle became his security to the Devonshires. I cannot make out any more than that."

"But you have not had any money from Mr. Lloyd?" asked Mark, addressing Mr. Christopher.

"No, I think not," he answered, in a bewildered manner; "I can't recollect having any. I don't see why I should want any, for I've always had plenty; and I shall soon get plenty more, when I'm well again and these hard times are gone. Perhaps I may be obliged to borrow a little from David for a time; but I never have borrowed from him so far. He has only been my security."

"Did you give him a bill of sale?" asked Mark.

"Oh, yes," he answered; "you see he was troubled to death lest he should be called upon to pay the money, and he gave me no rest till he got the bill. I gave it to him just to satisfy him, for I really thought he would go out of his mind. I believe he thinks he paid the £500 down. But it was all a mere matter of form, you know."

"Did you make no condition with him?" inquired Mark.

"Let me see," he said, "why, of course we both knew it was only to secure him from loss supposing I defrauded my employers. That was in the very nature of the case. You don't suppose I've defrauded the Devonshires?" he added, turning angrily upon Mark.

"I am quite sure you have not," replied Mark; "but upon what grounds, then, does Mr. Lloyd put this bill into execution?"

"What grounds!" repeated Mr. Christopher, peevishly—"that is exactly what I cannot comprehend. Now, Mark Fletcher, you know as much as I do, and if you can make rhyme or reason of it, I should be glad to know. Mab has been thinking of it all day, and the boys have been thinking of it; and my good girl has worked her clever head over it, and we can only come to the conclusion that we are in a miserable dream, and the sooner we wake up the better."

But the subject was not dismissed in so summary a manner. Mark discussed it with them all, till he was sure that he knew all they understood or thought about it. It was growing late, and the sounds on the ground-floor were less active, as if the greatest part of the work was over for the night. Mark thought it was time to leave them in the comparative peace and comfort his presence had wrought. He drew Barry out upon the landing to whisper a few parting words.

"Barry," he said, "you will remember the promise you made to your aunt this morning?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" answered Barry, in a tone that told how gratefully she recollected it at that moment.

"My dear girl," said Mark, "it was a more solemn promise than you imagined. She was dying, and it was her last request from you."

"Not dying!" cried Barry—"not dead! Don't tell me she is dead, and I loved her so dearly!"

They stood looking at one another, while swift thoughts passed through their minds. If Mrs. Lloyd was dead, then a true friend was lost to them, who

might have been their best helper with Mr. Lloyd at this crisis.

"If I told you she was dead," said Mark, at length, "I should not tell you the truth as we know it. She is not dead but arisen; and for a little while vanished out of our sight. I tell you now and here chiefly to remind you that our promise to one another is sealed by her death. I am your friend, and bound most sacredly to help you in every difficulty and to comfort you in every grief."

He led her back into the lighted room, and told the rest of the sorrow that had befallen her and himself. He did not leave her until he saw her a little soothed and cheered; and then went down alone to the ground-floor. The broker was about going, and Mark had only just time to arrest his departure.

"I should be glad," he said, "if you would leave matters as they are for the present. I believe some satisfactory arrangement may be made between these two brothers."

"That will make no difference to me," was the answer; "the bargain is completed, and I've paid half the money. The furniture belongs to me."

FROM NUBIA DOWN THE NILE.

BY HOWARD HOPLEY.

CHAPTER IV.—FLOATING DOWN.

"Down this wide tropic stream that hight by name
The Idle Lake, my wandering ship I row,
That knows her port, and thither sayles by ayme.
Ne care no feare I how the wind do blow
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow."

DREAMY were the days of our brief stay at Ipsambul. The glow and hush of the tropic lay spell-like upon us. We beguiled the time in cruising over the glassy waters to all eligible spots within reach. High arid rocks, as aforesaid, rose-tinted, flank the valley, here gapped and rent with gorges, where dwell deep purple abysses of shade perennial, and where the yellow sands of the desert drift over and flood down like mimic glaciers to the very brink of the sacred stream. Sometimes we would toil up these and scale the heights to get on to the fair table-land above. It was like the childish fancy of climbing to the uttermost verge of earth to look over on to chaos. Sand, sand, sand, valleys of sand and hills of rock, a wild rolling billowy waste surging up from its far African solitudes—illimitable.

Sometimes we would steer our little felucca underneath the cluster of grottoes, honeycombed in the cliffs opposite across the river. That stratified wall is indented with multitudes of sepulchres, mostly inaccessible, some more than 100 feet out of reach. How the ancients managed to convey their dead into these perforations we could not divine, for the rock runs sheer up from the water. Perhaps the mummy was let down from the edge above by ropes and swung into the opening, or hoisted up, may be, by rafts and a floating scaffolding. They looked temptingly inviting from beneath, as the afternoon sun burnt through their trim doorways upon the half-revealed walls of sculptured and roomy chambers beyond. The difficulty lay in getting up to them.

Abdallah, whose fingers and feet could cling limpet-like to any little irregularity in the sandstone, managed deftly—after once or twice losing hold and plunging headlong in the water—to scale the threshold of one of the nethermost. He pulled us up with

a rope that we threw to him, and we got in. The tomb was about as spacious as a small parlour. It had, I remember, a kind of conservatory beyond hollowed in the mountain, where in niches of the stone the ancestral mummies had been successively placed. There was still some good sculpture about the walls, sharp and uninjured, with traces of painting. Priests, dancing girls, a pretty cornice of lotus flowers in green and purple, and a funereal stela richly carved. But, alas! the mummies had vanished: the spoiler had been there. Each grave was empty, as if the long-looked-for Osiris had passed by to touch the sleeper into the joyous life he so fondly anticipated.

There was a pleasant homely look, though, about that grotto, with the red sun burning upon its graphic picturings, which induced us to fancy that those old anchorites, who, it is said,* inhabited there, and in the tombs around, were not so badly lodged after all. Living in solitary (and of course most odorous) sanctity, these good hermits managed doubtless to enjoy life after their fashion. They certainly had no worldly cares. We could picture them here on their threshold fishing up their daily food contributed by the faithful—uttering their valedictory blessing as their friends rowed off, and then retiring to their contemplations with a thankful and quiet mind. We sat down and regaled ourselves with chibouques in this their sunny sanctum. We looked out—past Abdallah, who was humming a careless ditty and dangling his legs dangerously over the verge, on to the face of the placid river, ever flowing—the river that these hermits in their starry meditations had watched—

"Stealing ever away to the great ocean!"

Did it suggest to them the same thought that came to us as we watched it hurrying by? Well: with them, the eddies, the rapids, the cataracts of life are passed: they have long since sailed out on to the bosom of the great ocean, and are now, let us hope, at rest. But between then and now what ebbings and flowings in the human tide! Egypt was then Christian—externally Christian, a field of fair promise for the great harvest day, a lamp that burnt brightly. But now! what? a smoking wick and nothing more. The numberless monasteries which sprung up with a mushroom growth are gone. These legions of hermits, too, who were held in such high esteem, are gone. Their place knows them not, and—Well, let us write in fair letters over their grottoes, *Requiescant in pace.*

But, for the matter of that, hermits are still found in these Egyptian solitudes. We visited a Mohammedan anchorite near Thebes living in a tomb. He had lived there fifty years. "A most holy man," our sailors said, "whose prayers were sure to be effectual." He had never changed his clothes, and his hair was gone wild as a pine forest in a storm. He barely condescended to notice us three outlandish visitors, although on entering his cave we laid our offerings at his feet—dates, figs, and a loaf of bread. Old Hadji, our steersman, looked upon him with unmitigated awe. And truly those big, far-off, restless eyes of his, and the brown shrunken face, that might have been the face of a mummy ages old,

* In these, as well as in hundreds of similar grottoes along the Nile valley, crosses, monograms, paintings of miracles, and other Christian inscriptions abound, thus confirming what contemporary history relates of the extraordinary success or prevalence of "Christianity" in Egypt during the early centuries.

made your flesh creep. Like the wizard in Kubla Khan, you were tempted to

"Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes in holy dread;
For he on honey dew has fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

Smith, I remember, as we turned away, made the remark that all hermits, ancient and modern, shirked the duties of life, and were, socially speaking, bores—neither useful nor ornamental. Whereupon the Professor rebuked him, with questionable argument—"at least they did no harm, which was saying a deal in this wicked world."

In those days my friend and I were wont at sundown to perch ourselves on some commanding height above the temple and watch the changing tints on crag and pinnacle of the opposite range across the river. Battlements and bastions fancy-built sparkled with all the fire of precious stones. I never gazed at that wondrous transformation-scene without its calling up to my mind St. John's vision of the new Jerusalem.

One evening the Professor told me a pretty oriental tradition. We were saying that easterns got their passion for jewels from these gorgeous sunsets, and that the embroidery of their fairy tales, and their noted skill in the arrangement of colours, might be traced to the same source. "This tradition," he said, "which I will tell you, is certainly many centuries old. It states that there was in Paradise a temple built up of precious stones. Man dared not utter its splendours. Deep in the midst of the palms of Eden it stood, angel-built, a dazzling sanctuary. Our first parents sung their vesper songs in the twilight shadows of its courts. For there were pillared courts and cloisters of emerald and pearl, where fountains sprung aloft in the silent noon, and long luminous vistas, where hand in hand those two first lovers walked in their sinless beauty. Then there were pinnacles and domes of sapphire, blazing at noon, and glittering with reflected starlight at night. And from court and terrace waters welled out, and cascades, iris-crested, fell down to cool shady dell of asphodel below. For the temple was placed far in the privacies of that valley of Eden, whence the four rivers flowed eastward. However—and this is the hinge of the story—sad to relate! on the day that Adam fell this glorious temple was shattered into a million fragments, and sown broadcast over all the earth. These fragments we now light upon and gather up with much cost and care, and call them rubies, emeralds, diamonds— But they are, after all, only the splinters of that primeval palace. The diadems of princes, the spray that sparkles in the entanglement of a fair girl's hair, are alike but the costly dust of that sanctuary—sad remembrancers of a lost Eden."^{*}

"Visions of glory ne'er forgot,
That tell, like gleams on a sunset sea,
What once has been, what now is not,
But oh! what again shall brightly be."

But the days of our trogloditic life sped on. There

^{*} A rather singular resemblance to this tradition is to be found in the prophecies of Ezekiel, chap. xxviii.: "Thou hast been in Eden the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering, the sardius, topaz, and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx, and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle, and gold. . . . Thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee. . . . Therefore I will cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God; and I will destroy thee, O covering cherub, from the midst of the stones of fire."

came an afternoon in which, from a hill-top, we hailed the reappearance of our dahabeeyah, bearing leisurely down, and leaving, swan-like, a widening track of ripples in her rear. The chorus of our Arabs, soft and sweet from a distance, mingled with the cadence of their oars, swept towards us as an avant courier to herald their approach. Smith sprang on shore overjoyed to see us again. He had not found his solitary travel entertaining. Our Arabs also were in high glee—and, for the matter of that, we fraternised kindly all round. In a long voyage much mutual sympathy is struck out between masters and men, and this, with impressionable easterns, borders on brotherly affection.

That evening, as we all floated down the still river, the day's work done, we made merry, and held high festival under the stars with dances and song. For our Arabs, like children, were overjoyed to see us again, and so they determined upon a fantasia. They made pretence to treat us as princes. A divan was built up for us under the cabin awning. And we, mock pashas, were to be regaled with the sound of the tarabouka, timbrels, and all kinds of music. Cymbals and pipes were got out. Two cressets, on poles, were lashed to the bulwarks, slantwise so that sparks from the fires kindled in them might fall harmlessly hissing into the river, instead of injuring the deck. And in the clear space amidships the junketings began. Our robed and turbaned Reis, who stood on guard at the fore, in chiaroscuro, statue-like, and old Hadji, the ancient mariner who kept watch at the helm to steer the floating vessel off shoals and keep her in mid-stream, were the only two who took no part in the revels. Half-a-dozen musicians, squatted in semi-circle about the foremast in strong light, kept time with voice, clapping of hands, the sound of pipes and cymbals, to the measured tread of the dancers' feet—rising, falling—now a chorus of exultation, now a plaintive wail.

Wild as the echoes on the distant hills were some of their songs, and, by the excitement pictured on their faces, these Egyptians were much moved by the spirit of the scene. It was a kind of ballet. A desert damsel—Selim, surnamed the "Sly," a lithe smooth-faced Theban that was always paying court to Cyclops, our cook, for a surreptitious supply of dainty morsels, had dressed for the part—was beset with sundry lovers, among whom she could not, for the life of her, make a choice. They danced seductively before her, danced together, danced apart. Still, torn by conflicting attractions, this untamed gazelle repulsed them all in turn. Fluttering from lover to lover in sweet indecision, she advanced and retreated, and would not make up her mind. Timid as a fawn, yet withal a bit of a flirt, she was finally secured by one who, grown desperate, protested (to accompanying music of very impressive character, *fortissimo*) that he would have her, or, by the prophet, slay his rivals, and do other serious harm. Then—more especially when he dwelt on his wealth in piastres—she relented (to soft music), and with great show of compassion took him to her heart. This was the theme. The decision once arrived at, they all danced a joyous jig, and the disappointed suitors danced too. All went gaily as a marriage-bell. The dancing was unobjectionable also, which is something rare in Egypt. Finally Smith let off some squibs and a rocket. So the festivities terminated in a blaze of fireworks.

It was a picturesque sight, though. We sat and

studied the animated groups before us flecked in ruddy glare and fitful shade. They were like forms fitting about in a dream—a dream of Old Egypt. Such scenes as these are pictured in the tombs, and our minds naturally reverted to them. Besides, the darkling gleam of a tropic sky overhead, with its wealth of stars gemmed about the rigging above us,—the broad placid river sighing and sobbing at the bows and carrying us down—the shiver of the night wind whispering from the desert, and the spectral line of palms dimly seen along the shore—all struck a dreamy note that led us into the domain of the past. These dancers, too, in the light of the cressets' fire, were surely related to the dancers of Old Egypt. Their action, costumes, countenances, musical instruments and all, were just those portrayed by Pharaoh's artist of old, and, indeed, might have stepped bodily out of one of those chambers of imagery, where through the ages they had petrified. You see them there on the walls dancing in long-since-forgotten festivals—inflexible dancers before an impassible Rameses.

By midnight all was silent again. Sleep had fallen on these revellers. I went out in the starlight and picked my way across the deck. It was littered with prostrate sleepers, wrapped tightly round, mummy like, from head to foot, in their camel-hair rugs—bundles of living humanity. The captain, alone on watch, cowed in a thick burnouse, sat solemnly smoking his glimmering chibouque at the fore. He was peering into the spectral distance whither the vessel was silently floating down. The constellations were all mirrored on the water as distinct and still as if they were the stars of a second sphere beneath, and, as I looked southward, I saw on the horizon the four stars of the Southern Cross.

THE RECLUSE OF PULO-PENANG.

IN one of my eastern voyages, *en route* to China, I was much interested at Pulo-Penang by the aspect of a tomb which was shown me. Still more interested was I when presented to the remarkable individual who was to become its occupier. He might be seen day after day superintending the construction of the place in which he intended his ashes to repose after "life's fitful fever" should be ended.

Che Wan, like thousands of his countrymen amongst the inferior orders of the Chinese, emigrated at an early age to seek a livelihood in some of those countries lying between the China Seas and the eastern coast of the Bay of Bengal, as circumstances might decide. His lot was cast on the Island of Sumatra, where, in course of time, he became prime minister to the King of Acheen. In that capacity he amassed considerable wealth, and he was astute enough to perceive and comprehend that he himself and his riches were only safe so long as he retained the monarch's favour, and that the king himself was dependent on the goodwill and the unanimity of the chiefs of the country. Accordingly, on the first symptoms of anarchy, a growing dissatisfaction which was likely to spread throughout the entire populace, Che Wan removed, with all his worldly possessions, consisting of his riches and his family, to Pulo-Penang, under the safety of British rule. Here, in his old age, he determined to renounce the world, and build a tomb for himself—in fact, to erect an altar, upon which his descendants,

at their periodical meetings at the graves of their departed kindred, would place their several offerings to his manes, according to the custom of their ancestors, in observance of an important religious ceremony—a custom still everywhere reverentially fulfilled by the Chinese.

In pursuance of this determination, he first divided his property amongst his children, reserving only a sufficient sum to carry out the object of the desire which now engrossed his mind—to witness the completion of his tomb before he died. He estimated its cost at about one thousand pounds (English money), and that the time it would take to complete it would be altogether about two years from the period of its commencement.

Having selected a beautiful spot in the far-off, quiet country, surrounded by umbrageous trees, his first care was to have a substantial shed erected, in which he might take shelter from the violence of the monsoon, whilst superintending the progress towards completion of his last earthly dwelling-place. At the entrance of this hut—whose peacefulness was unbroken save by the rustling breezy sound of the convex-branching cocoa-nut trees—he placed two large slabs of polished granite, one to serve him as a table, and the other as a bench, whereon he slept at night, and whence, in the daytime, superintending the labours of the workpeople, the *ci-devant* prime minister might be seen conversing at intervals with different members of his family, who occasionally repaired thither; or answering, with unswerving self-composure, any stray visitors who, having heard of his strange resolve, were anxious, not only to behold the splendid tomb in process of erection, but felt a still deeper curiosity to converse with a being of so peculiar a mind, and who with such unwearied and unflinching determination carried out his firm resolve.

Che Wan was a tall, stately man, about sixty years old. He had so completely taken leave of the world and all its concerns and interests, that although affable to those who sought his presence, he abstained from asking any one to come out to visit him. He never cared to hear the news of the day. He would dwell on the *past*, revert to the places he had visited and the persons he had known, regarding whom, and the events which had come within his own ken, he was full of information. He spoke of many English with whom he had officially come in contact whilst administering the affairs of Acheen. At one time it was of an envoy sent by the Bengal Government to the King of Acheen; at another, of the admiral of the fleet on the India station; or of the commander of a French man-of-war who had awakened his admiration whilst he discoursed to him of the great Emperor Napoleon. He would indulge in speculation as to the future of the different nations of the world, but he no longer sought to hear of anything that had reference to the present time.

When inquiries were made as to his health his only answer was that "he thought it would last until his bed was ready for him," pointing to the spot where the labourers were at work on his grave!

Strange to relate, he died on the very day after the tomb was completed; nor did the expense of its erection exceed the sum he had set apart for it. His name, both in Chinese and English characters, and the date of his death, are chiselled on the front of the monument, which represents a half-open door

leading down to the grave under the mound of earth, which is supported by an arch covered with turf.

The view from the tomb is magnificent, overlooking the harbour of Pulo-Penang, with the high land of the opposite shore in the distance, and with the Penang range of hills, covered with the verdure of superb forest-trees, forming its background. I made a sketch of the scene and of this remarkable monument, which I retain among my suggestive memoranda of former travel.

What were Che Wan's notions or feelings as to the state of existence after death, I am unable to say. If he had been different from the majority of his unenlightened countrymen I should probably have heard of it. A passionless anticipation of death may be due to ignorance as well as to wisdom. At all events, the effect was saddening, as we turned away from the tomb of the philosophic Che Wan. And though bright was the sky overhead, and beautiful the scene around, one could not but think of graveyards at home, sunless and unromantic, yet irradiated by a light from beyond the grave, and whispering to Christian hope the heavenly words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

THE DEEP SEA.

How deep is it? Why cannot we find a bottom? These must have been the questions of many a seaman as he sailed over what were called the unfathomable parts of the ocean. Yet the questions went unanswered for years, and men were driven, in the absence of ability to sound the very deep seas, to give up the attempt as hopeless. The earliest seamen used poles or rods with which to ascertain the depth of the water in which they sailed, and their successors improved on their apparatus by using lines, which, by means of weights, were cast to a certain depth, beyond which, it was said, the water was not fathomable. Later surveyors increased the length of their lead lines, and obtained what, to them, were really deep soundings; but even these failed to touch the bottom at those parts of "blue water" which were farthest from land, and it was reserved to ocean surveyors yet living to take casts in the deepest depths.

The Americans have been industrious, indefatigable, in this matter of deep-sea sounding, and under the direction of men like Maury, Lee, McKeever, and Berryman, they have been very successful. To them we owe a great deal of our knowledge on the subject. To the system inaugurated by Captain Maury, when he presided at the National Observatory at Washington, nautical science is already greatly indebted, and will be more so yet, if the system be continued.

It is, however, to an Englishman that the honour is due of having taken the deepest deep-sea sounding on record. Captain Denham—now Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Denham—when in command of H.M.S. *Herald*, on her voyage of discovery and surveying in the South Seas, succeeded in getting a cast at the unprecedented depth of eight miles and three-quarters. The American officers had obtained soundings, and also specimens of the bottom, at a depth exceeding two miles, but they had given up as hopeless all attempts to go much deeper. It was with a line of their make that Captain Denham sounded, after they had given up all hope of turning it to account. Commodore McKeever, of the United States

navy, was lying at Rio in his frigate, when the *Herald* was there. Some civilities were interchanged, and the commodore, being on board the *Herald*, saw that the captain had several large reels of sounding line secured in various parts of the ship. Very kindly, he offered to send him some line, which had been made on purpose, and which was better in every respect than the common spun yarn ordinarily used, and after he quitted the *Herald*, he sent a boat off to her with the truly splendid present of ten thousand fathoms of line.

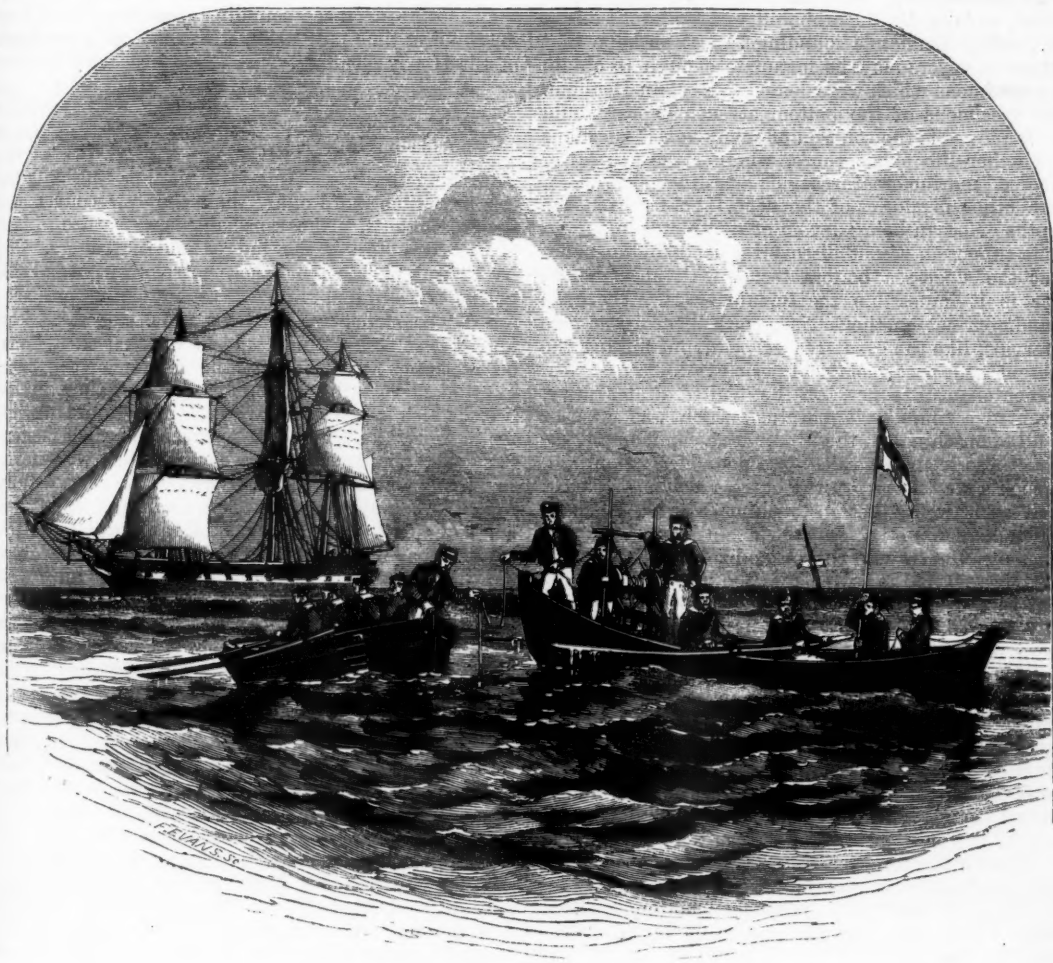
Furnished thus with the very best material, Captain Denham went on his way, taking casts whenever he could get them, but not having occasion to use his American reserve. One day, however, the weather was so favourable that he was tempted to try his fortune. There was a fairly smooth surface to the water, no wind, or next to none, and the ship was in a position where it would be highly advantageous to get soundings. Her exact place was lat. $36^{\circ} 49' S.$, lon. $37^{\circ} 6' W.$, or midway between Tristan D'Acunha, and Buenos Ayres. Captain Denham was well aware that many, if not all, of the previous soundings had been obtained by casts made from the ship's side, and he knew that results so obtained must be more or less fallacious. At the most favourable time, on the calmest day, there must always be certain causes in operation which will militate against a ship remaining in one position. There will always be a certain amount of wind, and whatever wind there may be will assuredly act on the ship's bulk, as on a sail, and drive her a certain distance; then there is, perhaps, "a set" or surface current, which will drift the ship, in spite of sails thrown aback, and other means for keeping ships stationary; so that, on the whole, it is not possible to keep an unmoored vessel in such a position that the sounding line move from its side shall be straight up and down, and without this condition no sounding can be true. To a smaller extent, these observations are true as regards unmoored boats, and Captain Denham had reason to think that some of the deep casts reported as having been made by their agency were incorrect in consequence. He determined to avoid the difficulty of sounding from the ship's side by using his boats, and to overcome the minor difficulty besetting the use of boats by resorting to an ingenious expedient of his own contriving.

In the bow of one boat he had the American commodore's reel rigged in such a way that the line would run clear of the boat when once set going; a man was also stationed at the reel especially to prevent the occurrence of a kink in the line. The men in this boat were charged to keep their oars in the water, and as far as possible to prevent the boat moving in any direction. A painter from the bow of this boat was made fast to the stern of another boat ahead, and the officer in charge was directed to keep the painter "taut," but not to take any strain upon it. The arrangement was thus far pretty much the same as had been adopted on previous occasions. The ingenious contrivance of Captain Denham, which overcame the inconveniences incidental to the arrangement, was as simple as it was efficacious. From the boat in which the American line was fitted an ordinary deep-sea lead and line were cast to a depth of forty fathoms, and it was found that the lead at that depth held the boat as though she had been anchored, so firmly that she swung to it when from any cause she swayed at all. This was a very great

improvement over the former plan of sounding from boats, for, assisted by the other appliances already mentioned, the Herald's boats were kept perfectly steady and stationary.

The American line was one-tenth of an inch in

On and on went the wheel, dragged round by the line, which paid itself off at ever lessening speed, till after the lapse of nine hours, twenty-four minutes, and forty-five seconds, and when the lead had reeled off 7,700 fathoms of line, bottom was reported.



DEEP-SEA SOUNDING. (From a Sketch by Admiral Denham.)

diameter, and weighed, when dry, one pound per hundred fathoms. One fathom of it sustained in the air a weight of seventy-two pounds, and this power to bear would of course be greatly increased by the support afforded by sea-water during actual immersion. Of course under the same circumstances the weight of the line would be also much increased by saturation, but not in proportion to the support given. The plummet weighed nine pounds, and was eleven inches and a half long, by 1.7 inches in breadth.

At 8.30 A.M. the plummet was let go, and cleared out the first hundred fathoms in a minute and a half; the next hundred took two minutes and five seconds; and the time required per hundred fathoms went on gradually increasing, till instead of twenty-seven minutes, fifteen seconds, the time taken to get out the first thousand fathoms, one hour, forty-nine minutes, and fifteen seconds were wanted for the seventh thousand.

Captain Denham satisfied himself as to the reality of the cast by testing it with his own hands. The line was also hauled in a few fathoms, and being let go again, stopped at the same place. Moreover, throughout the enormous length of the line that was out—eight miles and three quarters—the shock of the lead was as perceptible as if the cast had been made in ordinarily shallow water.

In the hope of procuring a specimen of the bottom the lead had been armed with grease in the usual way, but unfortunately the line broke when it had been all pulled in, with the exception of a hundred and forty fathoms, so that lead, line, and specimens were all lost. The great fact had, however, been established that there is a bottom to the so-called bottomless sea, and that in a spot where the depth is double the height of the highest of the Andes.

Doubts were of course thrown by those who had been previously unsuccessful upon the accuracy of

the result obtained by Captain Denham. The American surveyors were especially hard of belief, and probably to this day do not credit the statements of the English. In a variety of ways they have tried to explain away the indications of "bottom" which were apparent to all in the Herald's boats, and they have theoretically, to their own satisfaction, established, so to speak, the probability of the impossibility of Captain Denham's soundings. Let us hope that future surveyors may be fortunate enough to obtain the specimens which were denied to Captain Denham. For specimens of the bottom at such depths would go far towards the solution of many vexed questions—whether life exists there, whether the *detritus* of the dead marine creatures finds a resting-place there, with other mysteries of the deep. So far from the depths of ocean being devoid of depth and colour, as some supposed, recent discoveries lead to the belief that the deep-sea bottom teems with animal life; Nor is it impossible that creatures may there be found, extinct on the surface, or appearing at rare intervals, like the great sea serpent, but linking the present with past geological periods.

Lieutenant Brookes, of the United States navy, invented a sounding apparatus, which was superior to all other things of the kind. To a common musket barrel was secured a thirty-two pounder cannon ball, in such a way that upon the barrel receiving a shock, such as it would get on touching bottom, the ball, which had done its duty as a sinker and was no longer wanted, would run off and release the line of its weight. At the same time, the "arming rod"—that is, the lower end of the musket barrel—being duly greased, picked up specimens of whatever bottom there might be. By means of this ingenious and simple contrivance specimens have been obtained from a depth of two and three miles. It is to be regretted that no specimen was obtained from Captain Denham's deep cast, and that Brookes' apparatus was not used on that occasion, though there is reason to think that the weight of thirty-two pounds would have proved too much for the great length of line that was out, and would have broken it. The nine-pound plummet was, moreover, found to be sinker enough; the drawback to it was that it had no apparatus for disengaging itself when it touched bottom, and the strain of its entire weight had to be borne by the incoming line.

Captain Denham invented a specimen-finder, by the use of which he obviated the inconvenience in the employment of grease, which frequently so fouled the specimens brought up as to render them difficult to be analysed. It consisted in a metal mouth of triangular shape, which opened on pressure from a spring, and received into its cavity, sand, shells, or whatever else there might be. On the pressure being withdrawn, the metal mouth closed upon its prey, and brought it up in a normal state to the surface. The mouth itself was fixed into the end of the sinker, and the spring through which it opened and shut was enclosed in the sinker, but connected with a rod that protruded beyond the apex of the triangular mouth. The end of this rod would be the first object connected with the sinker to touch bottom, and, touching it, would be pressed in upon the spring which caused the metal mouth to open. The mouth itself burying its lips in the sand, would embrace a certain quantity of it, and would close firmly upon it so soon as the sounding-line, beginning to be hauled in, caused the pressure to be taken off

the rod and spring. Such an apparatus was very successfully used in water of which the depth did not exceed one to two miles. A modification of it, embodying Brookes' principle of discharging the weight of the sinker, would be an almost perfect apparatus for soundings, no matter how deep.

The engraving annexed is from a drawing made at the time the deep-sea sounding was taken, and now for the first time published, with the kind permission of Sir Henry Denham.

AMERICAN LAW AND LAWYERS.

Few things strike an American visiting England for the first time more oddly than the law courts and their occupants. The especially new feature to him is the costumes of the judges and barristers. He has read all his life about these horsehair wigs and silk gowns and ermine, and with that profound curiosity for old costumes and customs which the American tourist is seldom without, one of his first excursions, on reaching London, is to the far-famed courts in Westminster Hall. Here, for the first time in his life, he sees judges and barristers in wigs and gowns; for in the United States this ancient English custom has been abandoned, or rather, perhaps, was never to any extent introduced. While the successfully rebelling colonists, however, eschewing all the pomps and ceremonies of monarchy and rank, put aside the costumes and insignia of official dignity, they were too wise not to perceive the great learning and spirit of ripened justice which lay in that great body of the common law of England, the fruit of long generations of legal deliberation, which has been so wonderfully epitomised in the commentaries of Sir William Blackstone.

Instead, therefore, of devising a new code of laws, the United States adopted the English common law as the basis and foundation of American law; and to-day that common law is the law of the land throughout its length and breadth, in all cases where a specific statute by legislative enactment has not superseded its provisions. If you go into an American court you will not fail to hear all the old sterling authorities quoted—Blackstone and Coke, Stephen and Sugden, and the reports of the cases of the English courts. The commentaries of Story and of Kent, the two greatest of American writers on law, are commentaries, not upon American statutes, but upon the old common law of England. Thus it will be seen that, at the foundation, the two great Anglo-Saxon nations are governed by the same legal principles, modified, it is true, here and there, by special statutes, either of parliament or one of the states of the Union, but following the same great underlying maxims which have been enunciated by the great English jurists during many centuries.

There is only one state which is an exception to this rule, that the English common law prevails in America. Louisiana, formerly a French colony, and sold to the American Republic by Napoleon I, has retained its old code of the civil or Roman law. While in other states twenty-one is the age of independence, in Louisiana a person is a minor until he is twenty-five; and so in all other respects wherein the common differs from the civil law. The fact that the spirit of English and of American law is the same, is one more point of sympathy between the two nations, seldom mentioned, yet which should be as strong a tie to

bind them in mutual friendship as is the fact of their using a common language and enjoying a common literature.

The American system of courts, however, is very different from the English. Owing to the peculiar construction of the Government, composed, as it is, of one great empire, which in its turn consists of many locally independent, collectively subject, and harmonious parts, the judicial machine is far more complicated than in the mother country. The highest court of all, under the provisions of the American Constitution, is one which rarely assembles, whose duties are peculiarly solemn and important, and which partakes of the same political character as does its prototype, the High Steward's Court of England. This is the High Court of Impeachment; the Senate of the United States, sitting under the presidency of the Chief Justice; of which we have had a recent example in the trial of President Johnson. Happily this court sits but seldom, notwithstanding the acrimony observable in American politics. The highest common law court is the Supreme Court of the United States, which sits annually at Washington, consists of seven justices, including the chief justice, and has jurisdiction of appeal cases, and of cases between two states, or between citizens of different states.

There are, in the states, two kinds of courts—what are called "United States district courts," and the "local state courts." The United States courts try all cases in which the United States is a party, between the citizens of the states where they are located, and cases of admiralty. It is appeals from these district courts that the United States Supreme Court tries, that being its chief and almost exclusive duty. The Attorney-General of the United States is at once a member of the President's cabinet—being as such a general adviser in the political policy of the Government, and the especial adviser of the President in matters of doubtful law—and the Government counsel in matters in which the United States is a party before the Supreme Court. There is, besides, for each district court (the districts usually comprising a group of several states), an officer called the "district attorney," who, in the narrower sphere of those courts, performs functions similar to those devolving upon the Attorney-General in the central tribunal. It may be here remarked that the Attorney-General does not, as in England, sit in the National Congress—nor do any members of the executive Cabinet; neither is there a special court of chancery, or a chancellor, either national or state, equity cases being tried, as well as common law and statute cases, in the ordinary courts. All cases of shipping and maritime law come before the United States district courts.

The other species of courts in America are the state courts. There are several in each state; a supreme, or upper court, a superior, or second court, and police courts. The Supreme court of each state is the highest, having original jurisdiction of local cases of a certain specified importance—for instance, of cases involving over 5,000 dollars, as in Massachusetts; and trying appeals, when they are made, from the inferior state courts. The state courts are exclusively confined, in their jurisdiction, to the states wherein they are situated. They are common law courts, criminal and civil, trying alike murders and arsons, disputed will cases, and disputes relating to property. Each state is also provided with a court of probate, for the proving of last testaments, and bankruptcy courts. Divorces are usually granted only by the

supreme court in a state. As in England, jury cases, and cases of mixed law and fact, are tried before a single judge, while matters of law only are tried by the whole court, sitting, according to the legal expression, in *banc*, or all together. The state supreme court is composed of five or six justices, including a presiding chief justice. The lower courts often have eight or ten judges.

The Supreme Court of the United States, and the United States district courts, are the only ones where any official costume is worn, and in these the costume is very simple, being a plain silk gown worn only by the judges. No wigs are worn by any judges or lawyers, nor indeed by any American officials. Even the President has no official costume of any kind whatsoever. Neither do the judges of the state courts have any costume. When an Englishman enters an American court, he is surprised to see the judges sitting upon the bench, dressed quite like any other citizen, there being no distinguishing mark except the fact that they are upon the bench. The state courts are of course situated in the capitals of the different states, where the annual central sessions are held. During the interval between the central sessions, the judges each go upon circuit, and hold *nihi prius* terms, much as they do in England.

There is one very striking difference between English and American lawyers. In England the legal profession is divided into two distinct branches, the barristers, or advocates, and the attorneys, one being much higher in professional rank than the other. In America every lawyer is both a barrister and an attorney, and there is no such distinction between these two branches of the profession. Every American lawyer calls himself "attorney and counsellor at law;" he draws up deeds and wills, makes out his writs and affidavits and summonses, "gets up" his case from the books, manages the pleadings in the records of the court, appears in person to conduct his suits, examines and cross-examines the witnesses, and argues the facts before the jury, and the law before the judge.

There is no such system in the education of the American lawyer as attending at halls, eating dinners at inns, or studying in chambers; more often his education is that of the office, like the training of the English attorney, with instructions and practice in pleading and appearing in court superadded. The law students obtain their education in two ways—at the various law schools connected with the universities, and in the offices of lawyers in good practice; while some combine these two methods, by first studying and hearing lectures a year or two at the university, in order to imbue themselves with a good knowledge of the theory and principles of law, and then making an arrangement with some lawyer of note to have a desk in his office, there to observe the practical operation and every-day routine of the profession. Sometimes the student pays the lawyer in whose office he is a certain sum annually for the privilege of being there; more often he is received because he is of sufficient use—in drawing deeds, looking up cases in the reports, and performing other services—to make it profitable to his patron to have him there. The time of studying and preparing for the bar differs widely, according to the capacity or enthusiasm of the student. The degree of bachelor of laws, which is conferred at the university upon all students who have attended lectures for a certain period—say one and a half or two years—by no

means aids the recipient in being admitted to practice.

The imperative and only requisite is to pass a certain specified examination before one of the state judges; this gives admission to practice in the state courts. The method of this examination is as follows. A student who thinks himself fitted to be a candidate, applies in person to any judge he sees fit, who thereupon makes an appointment to meet him at the court on a certain day. When that day arrives, the judge places the candidate at a desk in the courtroom and hands him some papers, on which are thirty or forty written questions, embracing both the common law and the statute law of the particular state. The questions are very various, some simple and elementary, others more perplexing. The student is not allowed access to any books, or to converse with any one while standing his examination: and is permitted some three or four hours in which to answer the questions. He then hands his questions and answers to the judge, who considers the latter in the two or three days which ensue. If the student has given correct answers to all the questions excepting two or three—that is if, from his answers, it appears that he has a sound general knowledge of the law—the judge gives him a certificate, setting forth that A. B. has been duly examined by him, and that he regards him as fully competent to be admitted to practice.

The student then makes a formal application for admission to the bar, procures certificates as to good reputation, and with these, added to the certificate of the judge, he resorts to some lawyer of his acquaintance. In company with this lawyer he appears in court. The lawyer, just as the session of the court is opening, with the student's papers in his hand, addresses the judge, reads the application and certificates, and moves that A. B. be admitted to practice in all the state courts. The applicant is thereupon admitted, receives a certificate of admission from the clerk of the court, to whom he gives an admission fee of five dollars. Sometimes the judge, instead of examining the candidate in person, appoints a committee of eminent lawyers to conduct the examination; and these perform that office either by written questions or orally, as they see fit. By far the larger field of practice is, of course, in the state courts, where all the local cases come on: if a young counsellor wishes to practise also in the United States District Court, he must pass another examination, more severe than the first, in which the questions take the wider range of maritime and international law. A regular committee is appointed by the United States Court, whose business it is to consider applications to its bar: the members of this committee are called "commissioners," and their position is a permanent one.

The student, having been once admitted to the bar, is from that day forward at all times at liberty to practise and to appear in court, and has the right to a seat within the bar. He takes an office in the neighbourhood of the "court-house" (as the building in which the state courts are held is called), and enters upon the duties of his profession, if it so be that he is fortunate enough to secure clients. For there is no profession or occupation in America so crowded as that of the law. A majority of every class that graduates from the universities adopts it; and not only in New York, Boston, and the principal cities, but even in the remote towns of the west,

there is more than what political economists would call a *glut* of lawyers.

The only recognised aristocracy in America is that of the professions: there is, therefore, a great tendency on the part of university-educated youths to become either lawyers, doctors, or clergymen; and as the two latter professions need and supply peculiar and not very common tastes, and as the legal profession offers greater prizes in the direction of political and forensic fame (of which Americans are peculiarly ambitious), it is toward the law that the large majority are attracted. In the eastern cities, there are, at least, three times as many lawyers as are necessary to transact the professional business, and the consequence is, that it is rarely the case that a young lawyer succeeds, in the first years of his professional life, in gaining even a bare subsistence. He must be long patient and ever watchful—for in a profession which has the guardianship of men's property, which most men hold so dearly, even powerful relatives and well-disposed friends will not exert themselves to aid the inexperienced practitioner; and on his own exertions alone, on unfaltering perseverance and hard industry, and painful waiting, must the young lawyer rely for success. His older and more experienced brethren of the bar have, as yet, the almost entire monopoly of the business; and he is a brave fellow, and an enthusiast in his vocation, if he does not get wearied with the long days and months of waiting, and does not either idle away his time, or turn in disgust from his musty tomes in law-calf. That many grow discouraged is not wonderful. Some resort to the magazines for a subsistence; others engage themselves as reporters for the papers; others seize the first chance which offers to emigrate to the far west, or to desert the law for some occupation which secures for their labour a more immediate return. It is the earnest, patient plodders, all the world over, in the intellectual pursuits, who finally, toward middle life, become the heads of their professions. Many young American lawyers succeed in entering into partnership with older and established advocates; and these have by far the best chances of success. While the elder partner takes all the larger cases, and appears as an advocate in court, the younger performs that which his senior has no time to do, does the "office work"—that which the English attorneys do,—and gradually works in that way into usefulness to the elder, and finally into a good independent position for himself, so that thereafter he may go forward alone.

The American judges are, as a class, younger than the English judges. They do not arrive at the judicial dignity through so many gradual steps. There is, for example, no distinction corresponding to Queen's Counsel, or sergeants: no such office as that of solicitor-general; one is either a lawyer or a judge, and passes from one to the other without any intermediate step. The political system of the United States is such, that frequently men reach the bench through the political arena. In the larger number of states, the judges of the state courts are appointed by the governors, who are the chief magistrates of the states, elected by the people to serve for a longer or shorter term. All the United States judges are appointed by the President of the United States, to hold office during life, or "good behaviour." Sometimes the President appoints as judges of the Supreme Court, statesmen who have won the esteem of the nation, or of the dominant party in a political rather than

legal career; and the ermine is then rather a reward for political service than for judicial profundity.

Two very notable instances of the appointment of political personages to high judicial office have occurred successively in relation to the Chief Justiceship of the National Supreme Court. President Jackson appointed Mr. Taney to that high place, rather because that gentleman had assisted him to carry out a great financial measure as his secretary of the Treasury, than because of his legal ability. In much the same way President Lincoln appointed Chief Justice Chase, who now presides over the Supreme Court. Mr. Chase had, many years before his appointment, ceased to practise law, and had long been known as a leading statesman in the Senate and in the Cabinet. Yet the result, in both these cases, showed that the appointment of high political personages to the bench is not invariably an evil. Both Chief Justice Taney and Chief Justice Chase are known as having performed their judicial functions with unusual ability and impartiality, and to have honoured the bench by their clear and just decisions. The appointment of the state judges—which is, as with the national judges, for life, or "good behaviour"—by the governors, is also found to work well; and the governors' appointments are seldom or never from the ranks of politicians.

The supreme bench of Maine, of Connecticut, and Massachusetts, where the judges are selected, as the vacancies occur, by the governor of the time being, are particularly creditable to those states, and their judges would adorn any tribunal. In New York and Pennsylvania the very unfortunate and unwise system of electing judges by the people exists. They hold office in these states for a certain—not very long—term, just as do the governors and state administration: and, in order to secure an election as a judge in one of these states, a man must always be, not only a politician, but a very active one. The election of judges by the people must inevitably place partisans in the most exalted and important place in the community. The evil is glaringly illustrated in the city of New York, where universal suffrage exists. Those portions of New York where the emigrants and people of the most degraded class huddle together, are able, by voting *en masse* for a certain candidate, to choose judges to administer justice in the community. Of these low sections certain bad men—not seldom pugilists, publicans, and gamblers—manage, by bribery, promises, threats, and other means, to get control; and they then make their own infamous terms with the candidates for judgeships. The bench of New York, therefore, has been disgraced by some of the most venal, coarse, abandoned characters in the community. Scenes occur in the New York courts, to find a parallel for which one has to go back to the famous bloody circuit of my Lord Jeffreys. Judges are bribed with hardly a semblance of concealment: and from the decisions of the people's choice there is no appeal. It must be said that in this respect New York stands quite alone in America; happily it has no counterpart in any other city or state. Even in the neighbouring city of Philadelphia and state of Pennsylvania, where the judges, even the highest, are also elected by the people, justice is well administered, and no accusation against the honour or impartiality of the courts is heard. But the judiciary of New York, as well as its aldermen, councilmen, city officials, and state legislature, have been often

described as a blot upon America, and to the last degree infamous in the eyes of honest men.

When a man becomes a judge in America, he by no means considers himself (as the judges in England, perhaps, mostly do) as settled and laid up for life. Although he sufficiently appreciates the respect due to his own office not to take an active part in politics while administering the law, he not seldom abandons the bench, either for the more lucrative exercise of the legal profession, or to plunge anew into the political vortex. Chief Justice Chase was, although at the head of the American judiciary, a very prominent candidate for the Presidency last year: and had he been nominated by the Convention of either party for the chief magistracy, would have left his ermine and the quiet seclusion of the Supreme Court, and mingled actively in the autumn "campaign." More than one judge has left the bench to become a member of the Cabinet or of the Senate; and in the states it is no uncommon thing to select a popular judge as candidate for governor or for member of Congress. The state attorney-generals, who are the public prosecutors and state counsel in the local courts, are almost, if not quite, invariably elected by the people—even in states where the judges are appointed by the governors. The salaries of the judges, both national and state, are far inferior to those of the English bench, as, indeed, all salaries in America are inferior to those in England; neither are there pensions for retired judges, or for any officials, excepting trifling pensions for soldiers disabled in the wars. If I remember rightly, the salary of the seven judges of the United States Supreme Court is 8,000 dollars (£1,600) each per annum. The salaries of the state judges vary from 2,000 to 5,000 dollars (£400 to £1,000). It is therefore by no means profitable for a lawyer in good practice to abandon the bar for the bench, inasmuch as lawyers in the front rank, in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, gain 40,000 to 60,000 dollars a year. It is, nevertheless, regarded among lawyers as a high honour to be elevated to the bench; and it is fortunate that it is so, as otherwise the judicial office would be filled either by very young men, or by older lawyers whose practice would not lead one to infer a large share of ability. In America, it is open to all lawyers to aspire to the judicial dignity. There is a creditable feeling of pride with the governors to whom the appointments are confided, to select such persons as will do honour to their own judgment. Family name and influence, wealth, have but little effect: the new judge has been selected, usually, for his own intrinsic qualities.

Looking in upon an American court-room, the English visitor must be struck by the great simplicity which prevails. It is ordinarily a large airy room, with plenty of light, and so built as to give every material convenience to the participants in the daily routine. On one side you will see a wide raised desk, with large cushioned arm-chairs behind it, where sit, in the every day apparel of well-to-do gentlemen, the judges. Before them on the desk are a mass of papers and pamphlets, and scattered here and there, bulky volumes in law-calf. Each judge has his notebook before him, to which he constantly refers, and in which he jots notes from time to time. In a lower desk, standing upon the carpeted floor, immediately in front of and below the judges, you will not fail to see a prim, serious-looking old gentleman—quills behind his ears, and piles of papers before him—

dressed much as the judges are: this is the clerk of the court, who has supplied blank writs to the counsel, and heard the vast variety of lawsuits, perhaps, these thirty years. Against the wall to the right and left of the judge's bench, are two little square raised desks, at the ends of which you will perceive swords hanging, in cases fastened upright to the desks. Here are portly and important-looking fellows, who now and then call out, in deep bass, "Order!" who bring in the prisoners, if it be a criminal trial, and who rejoice in the title and dignity of sheriff and deputy sheriff. Below, in the body of the room, a rail runs in a semicircle, enclosing a large space which is filled at the back with benches, and in the middle with comfortable arm-chairs. At either end of this space, near the clerk's desk, are two broad tables, opposite each other; these are for the respective counsel, on either side of the case which is going forward. The space behind them is filled with an audience of lawyers and law-students, who have come in to hear what is progressing, and who, when there is a *cause célèbre*, crowd it to its utmost capacity. In each of the two corners on either side of the judges are two benches, one behind the other: these are for the juries. There are always two juries trying cases at the same session; when one has heard a case, and has retired to consult, the one in the opposite corner begins to hear the next case in turn; when the latter jury goes out, the first jury hears the next case, and so on. A small stand just below the judges serves as a witness-box; while an enclosed bench behind the space occupied by the members of the bar is used by the prisoners, when there are any, guarded by one of the sheriff's deputies. At the back of the room are seats for the public, who are free to enter the courts without distinction. In the courts of the eastern and middle states, there is quite as much dignity and decorum exercised as in the courts at Westminster; in the courts of the as yet not wholly polished far west there is much more familiarity in the conduct of judges and counsel, and some of the scenes described of the western courts are not too creditable to them. The west is a land of adventurers and "rough and ready" settlers; and courts of justice, as well as all other social and political institutions, suffer in their reputation in consequence. But it may be said that for their dignity, and the impartiality of their decisions, the courts of New England will bear comparison with any similar tribunals in the world. G. M. T.

POPULAR STREET TUNES.

ANY ONE who should think it worth his while might construct a species of musical register by noting the succession of popular tunes played, whistled, or sung in the streets, from the date of his earliest remembrances down to the present day. There is a fashion in music as in everything else, and the melodies of one season are apt to pass out of notice almost as rapidly as the costumes of fashionable life, and that irrespective to a great degree of their intrinsic merits. It is true that those of a better class will assert themselves by enduring longer than others, or by coming again to the surface after being temporarily swamped by usurping novelties; but the same thing may be said with regard to fashions of any other kind. Perhaps we are indebted to these occasional revivals of some of the melodious strains of a past

era for the most agreeable and touching of all our reminiscences—at any rate, I can declare for myself that so intimately are the events of vanished years associated with the harmonies that have vanished with them, that I never hear an old tune ground on a street organ, or bellowed from the lungs of a street minstrel, without being carried back in thought to the time when the now obsolete ditty was the reigning novelty and charmed all ears. I know that others have the same experience, and as we listen to the old tunes we recall involuntarily the form and pressure of the old times, and live over again the past epochs of our lives.

To the best of my knowledge I was born under the star of Dibdin, and may have been suckled and "topped and bottomed" to the tunes of "Poor Tom Bowling," "The Bay of Biscay," and "Wapping Old Stairs." However this may have been, it is very certain that the first melody which imprinted itself on my memory was "Black-eyed Susan," as it was rather expectorated than sung by old Jack Grimes, our one-legged gardener, who used to wheel me about the garden in his barrow, who had fought under Nelson, and who, always having a quid in his mouth, hardly did full justice to the music.

During my infant years there were no street organs, that I recollect; the trade of grinding the wind for a living was not then common in the country, and there were no brass bands at large, the instruments now so common being for the most part not yet invented. But there were fiddles and clarionets and serpents, and flutes and fifes, and the oboe and bassoon. The two last-mentioned are now departed from the streets, but both of them, and especially the oboe, which seemed to discourse regretfully from the depths of the performer's nose, had especial fascinations for my young ear. Further, there were few—perhaps I should be right in saying there were not any—popular composers in those days, with the exception of Dibdin, so that the wandering instrumentalists had no need to run after novelties. They lost nothing, however, by their absence, for they were not driven to the performance of mere fleeting vulgarities, but could, like little Aminadab of classic fame, restrict themselves to the "most genteel" of tunes—"Water Parted from the Sea," the minuet in "Ariadne," "See from Ocean Rising," etc., which tender and graceful harmonies, and others of a like kind, they were in the habit of rendering with due sensibility and pathos. Then, if people were disposed to be merry, there was the always irresistible "Sir Roger de Coverley," with a compendious assortment of Irish jigs, Scotch reels, and English hornpipes, all of them dear to the hearts and the heels of the lieges.

When I began to "turn my shining morning face unwillingly to school," I have a notion—indeed, the recollection is quite distinct and clear—that it was to the tune of "O Nannie, wilt thou gang with me?" though Nanny, our servant-maid, never would go, but contented herself with packing me off at seven in the morning, satchel on back, as her first job of household work. "O Nannie," was relieved by the less sentimental and more recreative measures of "The Recovery," "Tink a Tink," "Mrs. Macleod," "In my Cottage," and a whole series of rather questionable productions of this class. I remember that I first took the goose-quill in hand, and essayed my first pothooks and hangers to the tune of "The Duke of York's March," which may have had its

influence, for aught I know, in the formation of the bold hand I afterwards learned to write.

I think if I were to tax my memory closely, I might recall the popular melodies of my school days, and identify the very tunes which were synchronous with the several departments of study with which, as a schoolboy, I had to do battle. But the game would hardly be worth the candle, and I am not sure that the heroic treatment to which lads were in those days subject, and for which I came in for quite an average share, did not in a manner deaden the musical sympathies, and render me less capable of retaining melodious impressions. I can but recall the fact that the birch was a thriving institution within the walls of the grammar-school contemporaneously with the bawling of "O dear, what can the matter be?" out of doors.

When I began to enter on the serious business of life, and to follow a daily occupation in a crowded city, I soon found myself debating whether the mechanical music of the streets—the organ-grinding and piano-grinding—was a bonus or a nuisance, so questionable to my taste was the character of their performances. This was about the era of "Dunoi the Young and Brave," which, as a street tune, was at that time just imported from France, and was contemporaneous with the Lancers quadrilles, which were everywhere danced with enthusiasm, as well in public assemblies as at private domestic parties, and played in the streets by wandering instrumentalists of every grade, from the skilled violinist, with his harp accompaniment, down to the dirty and often drunken torturer of a cracked fiddle. A little later came on the general agitation throughout the country on the subject of the Reform Bill, which agitation went through its incipient stages to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," and its more riotous ones to that of "Cherry Ripe," and enjoyed its final triumph about the advent of the "Merry Swiss Boy." The reformed Parliament assembled under the auspices of "The Light Guitar"—and the high Tory party bemoaned the temporary loss of their ancient *prestige* and influence to the appropriate ditty, "The Light of Other Days has Faded," while the Liberal party set about repairing the British constitution to the inspiring strains of "The Brave Old Oak." Very soon afterwards there burst suddenly upon the startled and offended ear of respectable London, the portentously vulgar strain of "Flare Up!" which was scraped upon fiddles, twanged on harps, ground from organs, croaked from accordions, hideously blown and blared from brass bands, and roared from the throats of the roughs, making day and night hideous with its frightful clamour. "Flare Up!" was at the climax of its popularity among the dregs of the people, when that awful flare-up, the burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons, startled the whole country in the autumn of 1834. The fashions of the lower orders always change from one extreme to the other, and in accordance with this rule, "Flare Up!" the rowdy was succeeded by the melancholy ditty "All Round my Hat," a composition which took a decided hold upon the popular taste, and long kept its ground, being in full voice to the close of the reign of William IV.

About the beginning of the reign of Victoria, the populace were taken captive by the charms of "Jump Jim Crow," the first of the famous negro melodies which was fairly naturalised in England, and which prepared the way for hundreds more, a

considerable proportion of which became deservedly favourites with the public, and have remained so to this hour. No street tune within my recollection ever spread so rapidly or widely as "Jim Crow," and certainly no single melody ever extracted more coin from the pockets of the people. One man, the Jim Crow of his day, it is said, jumped into a fortune by his frantically fervid personation of the saltatory nigger, and he had a crowd of imitators who, following his example, shared his good luck.

The influence of the negro melodies upon the popular music of this country was both remarkable and long continued, and it may be said to be the only species of American influence to which John Bull has cordially submitted. There is an originality in these compositions, coupled with a simplicity amounting almost to *bêtise*, which renders them peculiarly charming to unsophisticated ears; and at the same time it is but fair to say that many of them are harmonised with a degree of skill and knowledge of counterpoint too often wanting in composition of a far more pretentious description. The impression which these transatlantic productions have made on the English mind is shown in their continued popularity. Although more than thirty years have passed away since the first of the negro ditties were heard in the London streets, they are heard there still, and when performed by wandering bands of simulated niggers are sure to win the plaudits and the coppers of an admiring crowd. Nor is this all—for any one who will be at the pains of examining the productions of those who write music for the multitude of the day will hardly fail to see that not a few of them are conceived and fashioned upon the American negro model—though to say the truth, they for the most part fall very far short of it. The street songs shouted by Seven Dials minstrels and Saturday night loafers mostly partake of the negro character more or less, and the same remark applies to those much-advertised compositions which, making their first appearance at the music-halls and free-and-easies, eventually gravitate to the kennel and the slums by a natural law.

I shall not continue the chronology any further; the reader, furnished with the hints I have given, may do that for himself if he pleases. From the days of "Willikins and his Dinah," and "Pop goes the Weasel," to those of "Slap, bang, here we are again!" and thence downward to the date of Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill, which may be said to have gone off to the tune of "Not for Joe," the descent will be easy enough for those who follow in the direction I have pointed out.

One remark I here venture to make, that the general run of street tunes of more recent dates gives rather a depressing feeling as to popular education and popular taste. Those of the "Slap bang" and "Champagne Charley" type have been the most speedily and widely diffused. For this the blame must rest with the music-halls, the frequenters of which are of a lower character than the average of the community, and for their taste the writers of songs have to cater. Having faith in the good instincts of the people, we regret that an attempt is not oftener made to appeal to higher and healthier feelings in their composition. The ballads of Henry Russell, of Charles Mackay, of Eliza Cook, and Charles Swain afford specimens of songs above the usual level of the music-halls.

Let me turn now for a moment to the subject of

street music in general, having special reference to what has been jocosely styled music by handle. With regard to our street music, whether in London or in the provinces, one thing is very evident, and that is, that it has degenerated to an enormous extent during the present generation. The reason of this is not that music has become less popular; but, on the contrary, that it has become more so, so that any performer, either with voice or instrument, who has attained to anything like a decent proficiency, can readily procure an engagement at one or other of the thousands of places where musical entertainments are given of an evening. The result is that none but the scapegraces and the very refuse of the profession are now driven to the streets for a livelihood, and therefore one rarely hears anything worth hearing there—unless the machine-made music which is everywhere so abundant may be said to come within this category. On that question two very decided and contrary opinions prevail—one party looking upon the peripatetic grinder as a public benefactor, and encouraging him with pence and provender, and the other regarding him as a public, and still more as a private, nuisance, and hounding him off, or giving him in custody to the police if he refuses to move on. I shall not pretend to decide this question, though I confess to a strong prejudice against every species of noise produced by the turning of a handle. It appears to me that expression is the soul of music, and that grind in any fashion you will, you cannot grind expression. Still, if there are people who love to hear such grinding as the barrel-organs offer, it would be hard to deprive them of their pleasure; but in bare justice to the quiet, the studious, and the invalid, to whom the grinding is a torture, those who encourage the grinder ought to admit him to their dwellings, and revel in the luxury with closed doors.

Meanwhile, I think we may be thankful that the nuisance which annoys us occasionally is quite a different thing from what it was some twenty years back. About that date, London and other great cities were invaded by music-grinding machines, of prodigious dimensions and correspondingly portentous powers. Instead of being suspended on a man's shoulders, they were mounted on a species of curry, and drawn by a horse, and one which I remember well, about the size of an average hay-stack, required two stout horses to draw it. When these monster machines gave mouth the effect was awful. Most of the stops were reeds, voiced to the utmost pitch of loudness, and their utterances were a combination of snorting, growling, howling, grumbling, rumbling, clattering, battering, shattering, and ear-splitting sounds, whose concentrated din really beggars description. You could hear them half a mile off even amid the roar of London streets, and, for my part, I never heard them without a shudder at the idea which came over me that some stupendous calamity had happened. These fearful engines were said to be the speculations of an enterprising Savoyard capitalist who, judging, as he had good reason to do, that Englishmen paid for their grinding in the ratio of the uproar produced, hit upon this method of reaping a wholesale profit. He was deceived, however; the huge machines were found too much even for the appetite of John Bull, and being vetoed by the municipal authorities, had to take themselves off. Since then I have noticed that the grinding nuisance has undergone gradual abatement, and the "move on" regulation leaves little real ground for complaint.

Varieties.

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.—In the article entitled "Twelfth Day at the Foundling," in the January Part, the writer omitted to state that the repast of the twelfth cakes is witnessed by the public only when the day falls on a Sunday, as it did in 1867. The custom of giving these cakes is a very old one, and originated in a kind-hearted governor who paid for them out of his own pocket. At his death another governor followed the example, and on the removal of this second kind friend the committee took the expense upon themselves, as the children had become accustomed to their treat on Twelfth Day. As Epiphany Sunday occurs at long intervals, may we venture to suggest to the governors that Twelfth Day every year might well be made a day of public admission? Many might take advantage of the opportunity, who would prefer a week-day to a Sunday visit. If the institution is not embarrassed with riches, might we also venture to suggest that an occasional concert of sacred or other suitable music might greatly supplement the funds and increase the usefulness of the hospital? It would be carrying out the early purposes of Handel, and of Dr. Burney, who even wished to make a national academy of music in connection with the institution.

GENERAL GRANT'S "TWO WORDS."—The "Hartford Courant" recounts a visit made by General Grant to Providence, Rhode Island, where he was the guest of General Burnside. A band of music accompanied by a large crowd appeared before the dwelling, and, in response to their anxious demonstrations, General Grant appeared in an open window and bowed his acknowledgments. But the crowd wanted more, and, American like, shouted for a speech. The General bowed again, and was about retiring, when a voice high in the upper key shouted—"Just two words, General." General Grant—"No, sir!" (Great applause and laughter.) This was his only speech in Providence, and was taken *verbatim* by the anxious reporters of that city, who had followed him in vain through all his travels during the afternoon. The crowd then passed through the house, entering at the front door, and going out through an opposite passage, General Grant meantime standing by the front parlour door and receiving each person with a shake of the hand. The crowd, once outside again, insisted upon speeches from the window. General Grant, who was quietly smoking a cigar, said to Governor Burnside, who stood in the window, "General Hawley is here, he can make a speech." The crowd caught it up, and cried for "Hawley."

COMMON SENSE FROM THE POPE!—A French lady, Mlle. Marie de Gentelles, having recently published a book censuring the luxury of women and the extravagance of their dress, has been rewarded by a letter from the Pope highly approving of the work, wishing the author the utmost success in the mission she has undertaken, and bestowing upon her his paternal blessing as a gauge of that success. In his letter Pius IX recalls the fact that in October last he felt compelled to say a few words on the same subject to the people of Rome. The substance of his present remarks is that women who spend too much thought upon dress have none left for religion or family duties. If wives wish to gain the esteem and affection of their husbands, they do not need costly and splendid toilettes, but have only to cultivate their hearts and minds.

HOSPITALS.—Sir James Simpson, at the meeting of the Architectural Institute of Scotland, on the subject of the new Edinburgh Infirmary, in advocating temporary iron structures for the use of the patients, referred to statistics prepared by himself showing that, out of a million midwifery cases treated in hospitals throughout Europe, the proportion of deaths was one in twenty-nine, while out of a million cases treated at their own homes the proportion of deaths was only one in 210. He also stated that one in two and a half of the amputations performed at Edinburgh Hospital was followed by death, the proportion in the country being one in ten. The same was true, he said, of all other operations and of the treatment of other diseases. This, he very truly remarked, was a startling fact. Sir James further said that the new hospital in Paris, where every modern improvement was introduced, was found to be the most deadly in Paris. He advocates small detached buildings in infectious diseases, and the billeting of the sick in houses or cottages in chronic complaints.